Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse sum of deuse-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now heer's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base Wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinks I should out-sweare *Cupid.* Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare *Moth.*

Boy. A Woman Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blush in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natiue she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserues well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit growes heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, she is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I doe betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

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